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My God! with awe, one boon I claim,
For his sake who inspires my theme:
Bless all who bear the sacred Name——

OF HUSBAND!

Belfast, March 28, 1806.

DELIA.

THE INDIAN STUDENT, OR THE FORCE
OF NATURE.

Written in America, 1787.

Every one knows the effect and durability of early impressions: but few are perhaps aware of that strong partiality for a roving life, which is felt by those children of Nature, who are accustomed to the woods, the lakes, and the mountains. This indeed, is one of the greatest difficulties to be overcome in bringing savages to adopt the manners of social life, and is strongly depicted in the following poem.

FROM long debate the council rose,
And viewing Shalum's feats with joy
To Harwood Hall,* o'er wastes of snows,
They sent, the tawney colour'd boy.

From Susquehannah's farthest springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,
This hunter of the forest came.

Awhile he wrote; awhile he read;
Awhile he cou'd o'er grammar rules:
An Indian savage so well bred,
Great credit promis'd to the schools.

Some thought he would in law excel;
Some thought in physic he would shine;
And one who knew him passing well,
Foresaw in him a grave divine.

But those of more discerning eye
Far different prospect then could show,
They saw him lay his Virgil by,
To wander with his dearer bow.

The tedious hour of study spent,
The heavy moulded lecture done,
Off to the woods the wand'rer went,
And then the long-lov'd sport begun.

"And why," he cried, "did I forsake
"My native woods for gloomy halls;

* A college of the University of Cambridge, near Boston, Massachusetts.

"The roaring stream, the boundless lake,
"For silent books and prison walls?"

"A little will my wants supply,
"And what can wealth itself do more?
"The sylvan wilds will not deny
"The humble fare they gave before.

"Where Nature's oldest forests grow,
"And mingled laurel never fades,
"My heart is fix'd, and I will go
"And die among my native shades."

He spoke; and to the Western springs
(His gown forthwith to pieces rent,
His blanket tied with yellow strings)
The hunter of the forest went.

Returning to the happy plain,
His breth'r'n welcom'd him with joy;
The council took him back again,
And bless'd the tawny colour'd boy.

*An Address to the late Dr. Moyse, by the
Ladies of Edinburgh, in consequence of a
Course of Lectures given by him in that city,
about the year 1795.*

DEAR DOCTOR, let it not transpire,
How much your lectures we admire,
How, at your eloquence we wonder,
When you explain the cause of Thunder,
Of light'ning, and of electricity,
With so much plainness, and simplicity;
The origin of rocks, and mountains,
Of rivers, seas, of lakes, and fountains;
Of rain, and hail, and frost, and snow,
And all the storms, and winds, that blow,
Besides an hundred wonders more,
Of which we never heard before;
But still dear Doctor, not to flatter,
There is a most important matter;
A matter which you never touch on,
A matter which our minds run much on,
A subject, if we right conjecture,
Which well deserves a long, long lecture,
Which all the ladies would approve,
The natural history of love.
Listen to our united voice
Deny us not dear Doctor Moyse;
Teach us the marks of love's beginning,
What is it makes a beau so winning?
What makes us think a coxcomb witty,
A dotard wise, a red coat, pretty?
Why we believe such horrid lies,
That, we are angels from the skies;
Our eyes are stars, our cheeks are roses,
Our teeth are pearls, such charming noses!
Explain our dreams, waking, and sleeping,